

Good Morning

S78

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

Ron Richards' SHOP TALK

SOME TIME ago Stoker Groves wrote from H.M. Submarine Trenchant asking for books I told him we would do our best, and a batch was sent almost immediately.

By this time though, it's probable that all those we sent will have been read or so oiled up they are unreadable. So I suggest someone contacts the Librarian at the Royal Naval War Libraries, 178, Great Portland-street, London, W.1. They will give you all the books you can read.

By the way, I am looking forward to another party at Chat-ham's Prince of Wales—when is it to be?

Stoker G. G. James has two sisters in the A.T.S.; they are on the same gunsite, and he would like a picture of them. O.K., Stoker, the picture is coming up.

Of course, you appreciate that to contact them it will be necessary to get permission of the camp Commandant, so there might be slight delay. However, as soon as possible we will deliver the goods.

Thanks for your letter and compliments, by the way. Glad to hear you and your shipmates are liking the paper. Anything more we can do will be gladly undertaken. Just drop us a

AFTER replying to your air-graph, Ivanhoe-Herbert, I received a "V mail" letter, so have little to add to the reply you will no doubt have already.

I think that perhaps we need not go into any more lengthy discussion about officialdom; anyway, I agree wholeheartedly with you. I am grateful that in this outfit such a thing does not exist.

So Radcliffe is the foster-parent of you and your boat? I have written to them inquiring about what they have done and are proposing to do for you in the future. Also, I will, as you request, let you have a personal story about the town and the people therein. I will do that as soon as possible.

It really is too bad about Belinda—she just won't get to the age, will she? But then, you have Jane!

Sure, pal, I know about censors. Never mind, the day will dawn when I can tell in "Good Morning" the story of your antics. In closing, let me again congratulate you and your shipmates on the grand work you are doing. Although we can't mention your boat or activities, the folk at home are quite aware of you, and I'm sure this time you guys won't get forgotten.

You won't if we have any say.



The Admiralty paid this tribute to the "Upholder": "The ship and her company are gone, but the example and inspiration remain." Her skipper, Lieut-Commander Wanklyn, R.N., was the first submarine commander to win the V.C. in this war. His crew had won between them a D.S.O., two D.S.C.s, and four D.S.M.s.

THIS department is fast getting like "Live Letter Box." That, if you didn't know is a column that appears daily in a London newspaper. Latest thing I have been asked to settle is whether or not the Bedford wagon has American nuts, requiring an American spanner.

This query comes from Stoker J. Ellwood of H.M.S. Maidstone. For an unmechanical mind that's a teaser. Mister Ellwood, I didn't know there was any difference. Anyhow, as no one here knows, I have passed on the query to the Bedford factory. When they tell me I will tell you.

The airgraph was signed off by the ship's cat—the caption being, "Help The Lads." It was well drawn, and I suggest that the artist draws some odds and ends, for use in "Good Morning." Will you do that?

A letter signed by Margaret Fisher, comes from 30, Granville Drive, Forest Hall, Newcastle. Your sister thanks the editor for publishing some news from home, Mr. Fisher. She adds that a copy of the paper will be cherished as a war souvenir.

When you see your sister again perhaps you will be kind enough to thank her for her trouble. On our part, we hope that soon you will be home, and that in the very near future you will be looking at that paper and saying—"Oh, I remember that—I was in submarines then."

Ron Richards

Novel? It's Money

NOVEL ideas in business payage Banks" are their official the biggest dividends, so it is interesting, with an eye on the post-war world, to watch the new methods being developed in various parts of the world.

One of the most interesting is the "Hat-Checking Concession" business. Especially successful is this in New York, where people, in the course of a single year, reckon to spend five million pounds to have their hats and coats watched in restaurants, cinemas, and other places of amusement.

The owners of the business" pay a large sum for the right to operate in the centre—then wait for the fortune to go their way.

The attendants who tend these cloakrooms are all paid a good salary—and in return hand over to the company all the tips they receive. Both sides are then satisfied!

Another interesting and novel idea is the Private Cold Store Locker." In America, for three pounds a year, a housewife can rent a locker which holds between two hundred to two hundred and fifty pounds of food. The plant, which is already having a big boom, not only freezes food for patrons, but wraps it when they wish to take it away. "Cold Stor-

There are to-day 3,000 of these plants in the United States, and they cater for over one million American families. Measuring 20 by 17 by 30 inches, the lockers, for instance, can keep beef in first-class condition for six months and over.

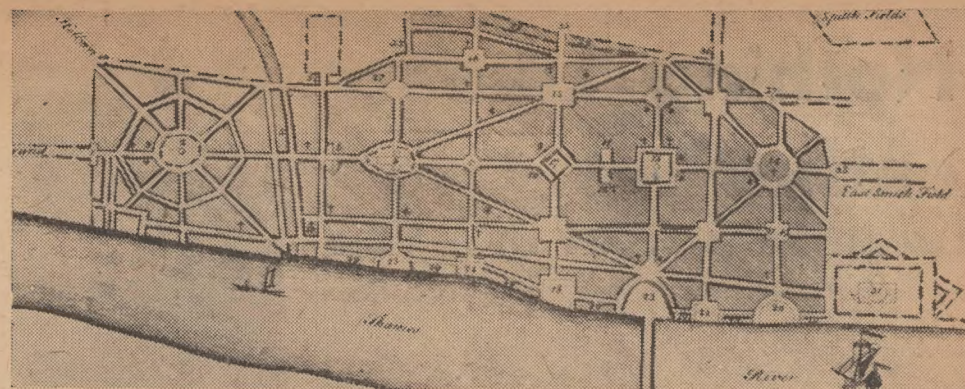
The same applies to vegetables. The latter, quite naturally, is very useful to the man who grows a great deal of greenstuff in his garden. Fish, fresh fruit and other eatables can be stored in these plants and drawn when required.

Men well trained in the scientific art of cold storage tend the needs of the customers, explaining, when they first take advantage of the plant, the various systems adopted, and provide them with a list of the foodstuffs they can store, together with information regarding the length of time each item can be "stored."

Thus, families are able to place in their "bank" food, like money, and draw upon their reserve as required. Actually, American families appear to get quite a "kick" out of the fact that they can secure fresh fruit from their "locker" when it is "out of season."

FRANKLIN ADAMS

Organiser of Local Replanning contests, FRANCES STREET takes some hints from the plans of Wren and John Evelyn



How Evelyn would have rebuilt London after the Great Fire

Replan Your Home Town—Here's How

THIS is not the first time there's been a chance to re-plan a city. Manchester and Glasgow have been at it for years, without much change. The Great Fire of London put the idea of re-planning the City into many people's heads.

Now, through many a local-planning contest, everybody has a chance to try re-planning a town. Keener and more expert planners can put their schemes into the hands of one of the official bodies, such as the Incorporated Association of Architects and Surveyors, or to one of the bodies which take a definite side on the question of flats or garden-cities; the Town and Country Planning Association, for instance.

MAYORS, aldermen, council-lors and burgesses of the twenty-eight London boroughs are all anxious to get a suitable plan for their areas. Coventry, Liverpool, Portsmouth, Exeter, and many other blitzed cities are making definite plans now for the future, and this is the moment for any gifted amateur to contribute ideas.

The London County Council's architect prepared one plan in conjunction with Prof. Abercrombie and a large staff of expert assistants, and this was put up to the City Council. But it is still not too late for any amateur architect with worth-while ideas to have these incorporated.

Can you learn anything from plans which other experts have suggested? There have been two of outstanding importance—and they both date back to the seventeenth century!

One was suggested to Charles II by Sir Christopher Wren. The other was put forward by the diarist, Sir John Evelyn. The most complete map of Wren's re-planned London can be seen in St. Paul's Cathedral. And in private collections of prints there are still several copies of "London Restored—or Sir John Evelyn's Plan for Rebuilding that Antient Metropolis after the Fire in 1666."

Wren's was a complete scale plan. It was all very simple from the builders' point of view. It gave London some fine wide streets which would have fitted in well with modern one-way traffic; there were great green squares, and the architectural gems like St. Paul's could never have been built-up.

King Charles liked the plan, but it was undermined by property-owners who had held shops in main streets before the Fire and who now found that Wren's plan was going to shift these sites to secondary streets.

Many of London's winding streets originated from cattle tracks in the Saxon city, and would as suited the convenience of their first users. Once building had conformed to these windings it was the devil of a business to alter them, and even Wren was not powerful enough to get the plan through.

He made a few improvements. He cut a way across Cannon (anciently Candle-wicke) Street to Guildhall Yard. The portion south of Cheapside is called Queen Street, and formed a ready-made approach to a new bridge (Southwark Bridge) when it was found that the old London Bridge needed relief.

Sir John Evelyn's plan was a much less pretentious affair; in fact, it was the dream of an amateur more than the finished plan of an architect and master-craftsman.

All he did was to take an existing map of the City and draw new streets according to a neat, tidy, geometric pattern.

The Royal Exchange, the Fishmarket—and Admiralty Court were to be right on the Thames-side, in crescents rather like the famous Bath Crescent of Georgian days.

But Evelyn didn't bother to draw his plan in any detail. He left rectangular shaded areas as neat as any pattern of a Chicago street-block, and put the instruction: "The rest of the openings are for Markets, &c., And in the intermediate Squares & Areas, what narrower Streets shall be thought fit."

Having a tidy mind, though not one very practical, he arranged that all the "several Parish Churches, 20 in number," should be geometrically arranged over the City area, and faced by new public buildings such as the Chapel of the Rolls, for which he drew a rough sketch to set the pattern for the "new" City architecture for the coming eighteenth century.

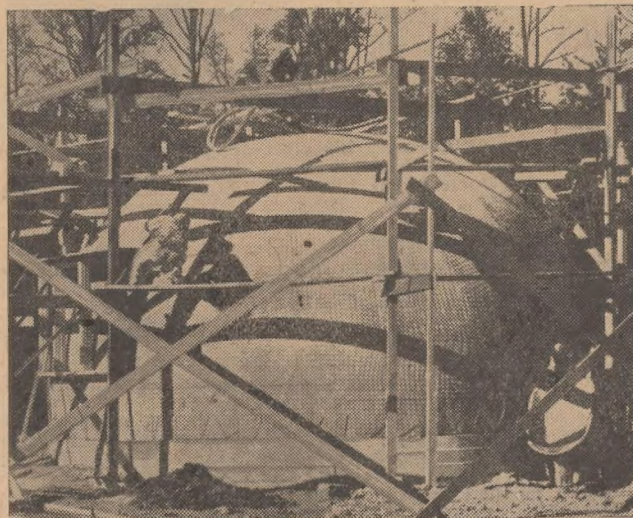
There are several points in common between Evelyn's plan and the up-to-date plan devised by the Association of Architects and Surveyors.

Leading up from what is now Ludgate Hill there is to be a "Wren Avenue," and St. Paul's is to be surrounded by a large elliptical open space, just as was planned in 1667.

The present-day plan, however, prolongs this ellipse eastwards to the Bank. The central axis would be bisected North and South by a developed King Street and Queen Street leading up to Guildhall, which would form the centre of a new group of Corporation buildings.

If you're re-planning your own town, remember that within a very few years after the war it will be essential to have passenger airfields near the main transport centres.

Wren, nor any of the other pioneering architects of Britain's cities, never dreamed of such a development—so it's up to you!



At Falls Church, Virginia, experiments have now been completed on a new balloon house. Balloons are inflated and covered with sand and concrete, which sets hard. In a few hours the balloons are deflated, leaving the frame for a house which will contain two bedrooms, a living-room with a fireplace, a kitchen, and a bath.

Your letters are welcome! Write to "Good Morning" c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

"Nothing Like Leather"

FRED KITCHEN'S STORY OF A VOLE

TO many people, hedging and ditching might seem a dull sort of occupation, but to Jesse it is quite lively, and some of his merriest companions live in the hedgerows and ditches.

He sat down the other morning to eat his lunch, or more rightly his "nine o'clock drinking," under the shade of the hedge, when a bank vole or red-backed fieldmouse trickled out of the grass close by and inquisitively sniffed around his boots.

It looked a comical little fellow, with its round, stumpy nose, trying to make out what these unusual things were, sticking up just out of the hedgerow.

Having satisfied itself with the heel and the hobnails, it climbed up the boot and surveyed its little world from the pinnacle of the boot toe—and Jesse kept very still to see what would happen next.

Evidently it didn't connect the boot toe with the length of limb running back to the hedge, nor to the man quietly munching away in the hedge-bottom—such distances being beyond its measure.

But it liked this new-found smell of leather, for after climbing up and sliding down several times it arched its back on the pinnacle of the boot-toe and began to dig itself in.

"Oh, no, you don't!" said Jesse, and shied a piece of cheese-rind at his visitor, making it scuttle away into the hedge wondering what was happening.

Jesse was sorry to interrupt his friend's little frolic, but, really, there aren't coupons enough to allow voles to

stop their teeth on leather. He expected that the slight movement would frighten it away for good and all. He was mistaken, for in half a minute the grass parted, and out peeped that stubby little nose.

It turned its bright eyes this way and that, and then moved cautiously to where the attraction of a pair of boots pointed upwards.

Once again it glided round, and this time was confronted by a crust of cheese. It sniffed, gave the tiniest nibble, and darted headlong into the hedge.

Jesse was mystified at such queer behaviour, but a second later saw the reason, when the vole returned with a pal, and the pair of them hunched up their backs to sample the unusual breakfast of cheese.

Perhaps it was some slight movement of Jesse's arm that made them aware of danger, for they suddenly stopped eating, turned their gaze full on Jesse's face, while their furry bodies quivered with panic.

"Yer needn't be frit!" said Jesse—and the little animals scuttled into the hedge in a twinkling.

Jesse pulled himself out of the hedge bottom and went on with his hedging, mightily pleased with the little interlude, and presently came across an old disused bird's nest in the hedge.

Discarded nests look unsightly in a well-trimmed hedge, and Jesse always pulls them out. He stopped to get at this one, and found inside two crumbs of cheese—and left it to accommodate his breakfast companions.



GREEN GROW THE GRASSES

GRASS is the forgiveness of Nature — her constant benediction.

Fields trampled with battle, saturated with blood, torn with ruts of cannon, grow green again with grass, and carnage is forgotten . . .

Sown by winds, by wandering birds, propagated by the subtle horticulture of the elements which are its ministers and servants, it softens

the rude outlines of the world. . . .

It bears no blazonary of bloom to charm the senses with fragrances or splendour, but its homely hue, is more enchanting than the lily or the rose.

It yields no fruit in the earth or air, yet should its harvest fail for a single year, famine would depopulate the world.

J. J. INGALLS.

PETS, PESTS and PATIENCE

Derek Richards' Photo-Feature

PATIENCE! A virtue always, but when it comes to photographing animals it's a real necessity. Whether it be the family cat, a lion at the zoo, or a wild deer, the mode d'accomplissement is very much the same. (Having suffered agonies whilst providing loving mothers with "snaps of sonny," I would include the human infant in this list.)

Stalking with the camera at the ready is invariably more successful than posing the subject. It is not thought likely that even the keenest camera fan will try to get a lion into sitting pretty, but such an attempt is frequently made when dealing with domestic animals.

I find it calls for far less patience to stalk a cat for half an hour, in the hope that she will settle down at X feet from the camera and give forth the desired grin, than it does to persuade pussy to stay put while you wave fish and whisper sweet nothings to her.

In addition, the wretched animal will be most grateful for being spared, and is likely to receive the fascinating sight of your stalking antics with a burst of riotous revelry suitable for snapshotting.

Patience, again, is the only known remedy for the animal which has a passionate desire for a close close-up. He insists on moving towards the camera whilst the photographer retreats in order to keep those damp nostrils from his cherished lens.

An animal shown diagonally across the picture will probably have vastly undersized hindquarters, enlarging rapidly to such foremost regions as are boasted by Miss West and Mr. Durante. (I am not suggesting that this is the secret of their film successes.)

Such distortion is best avoided by getting the animal lying roughly at right angles to the line of sight.

As in human figure studies, a distracting background should be avoided. A carnation protruding from the nethermost regions of your favourite Aisatian will rarely

add attraction to the picture.

In common with many photographers and most animal lovers, I am not very appreciative of comical efforts, such as dogs pushing prams or smoking pipes. They may, of course, be quite amusing, but generally provide about as much entertainment as would a picture of a man gnawing a bone.

A straightforward figure study is invariably more acceptable.

The only restriction you are likely to run across in photographing animals at the Zoo is in the use of a tripod. The popularity of Zoo pictures, resulting in forests of these treacherous contraptions, has made such restrictions necessary. Authorities and keepers are otherwise most helpful, and invariably welcome keen photographers.

Just one tip! Do not worry about the wire mesh or even the bars around the monkey cage. If you cannot get the lens between the wires, get it as close as you can to them, and they will not show on the photograph.

By the way, have you ever seen a three-legged horse? Have a look in a natural history book and the chances are you'll find such a photographic slip-up. It is easy enough to avoid, and quadrupeds look so much better when supported at all four corners.

The wildest animal I have photographed out of captivity was a rather ferocious rat. The method employed was novel, though not entirely original. You may think it entertaining enough to have a shot.

An eight-volt battery is connected to a standard-type flash bulb, the circuit being broken only by a lightly-sprung flap make-and-break. The flap is set up in front of the rat hole, the camera is fixed up and the focus and aperture set.

All lights are extinguished, the shutter is opened, and the



Ron Garth

I know not what course others may take; but as for me, give me liberty, or give me death!

Patrick Henry.

The worst sin towards our fellow creatures is not to hate them, but to be indifferent to them: that's the essence of inhumanity.

George Bernard Shaw.

Had £50,000, Drew Dole

JULIAN DELLOS grew haggard with worry—and no wonder!

How could he go to the police and tell them that his £50,000 hoard of diamonds, which he had taken a lifetime to accumulate, had been stolen?

He was still drawing 30s. a week on the dole.

All his life, as one of the founders of the famous Bowery Diamond Exchange in New York, Julian had lived humbly and acquired the diamonds in the way of legitimate business.

Week by week he set aside a gem against the day when he should retire. When the time came he discovered he hated the idea of parting with a single diamond, so he unlawfully went on "relief," hiding his gems in an old shoe box.

Julian's troubles started when he began to imagine the police were watching him. The game would be up if they discovered the diamonds in the house.

He took the shoe box and secretly buried it in his old father's garden. It lay there for two years.

Then Julian decided that it was safe for him to take the gems home again. By pure chance, however, an old acquaintance, Louis Burlett saw Julian remove the box from his father's garden. "Golly!" thought Louis, "that's Julian Dellos. I wonder what he's up to?"

He shadowed Julian home, and, through a window, saw the ex-diamond merchant go towards his bedroom, carefully carrying the shoe box. Later in the day Burlett paid Julian a friendly call.

While they were talking, Burlett asked if he might go to the bathroom, but it wasn't long before he found his way to the bedroom.

Going in search of his visitor, Julian gave a horrified shout. Burlett had the shoe box in his hand. In split seconds he rushed past Julian and out of the house.

A worried man was Julian that night. If he reported the theft to the police he would probably be arrested because of his relief frauds.

Julian decided to obtain the help of Noel Scaffa, a private detective. While the detective tried to recover the stolen diamonds, Julian started to pay back the relief money little by little.

When he had repaid the last cent he intended to make a clean breast of the matter to the police, who would then, he hoped, assist him to trace the diamonds.

Unfortunately for Julian's plans, the police, puzzled that Scaffa should be in the em-

ploy of an apparently penniless man, questioned the detective closely. Then the truth came out.

Burlett was arrested and gaoled for theft. Julian had a heart attack and died. And all his diamonds went to somebody else!

The Tune you know

AND here are the words. For the benefit of those who can play the accordion, uke, or banjo (we believe there is such a thing), song sheets of both words and music are being forwarded to various centres for distribution.

NUMBER SOMETHING, FAR-AWAY LANE.

By courtesy of the Lawrence Wright Music Co. Words by Howard (Boogie) Barnes. Music by Hedley Grey.

Here's to the day when waiting's over,
Here's to a sight of the cliffs of Dover,
Let's dream of home when there's time for dreaming,
Home with the roof in the moonlight gleaming.
It's our little mansion, our pride and pleasure,
So full of the memories we'll always treasure.

Chorus:

Little house just outside town,
Blitz'd a bit and tumble-down,
Soon call you home again,
Number Something Far-away Lane;

Nothing showy, grey and small,
Little parlour, tiny hall;
Bit of garden, needing rain,
Number Something Far-away Lane;

Are the beans and marrows showing?

Does the lawn still need a mowing?

Is there someone there to miss me?

Soon again to hug and kiss me.

Little someone waiting there,
Eyes that show how much you care.

Soon I'll hold you close again,
In Number Something Far-away Lane.

A GREAT BIG HAPPY FAMILY.

By courtesy of Francis, Day and Hunter, Ltd. Words and music by Dorothy Day.

When you've been away for years and years and years
Over the mighty foam,
The feeling is so grand
When you're in your native land.

Walking down the street of home, sweet home.

Chorus:

How do you do, how do you do?
Gee, but it's great to see
Ev'ryone here brim full of cheer.

Like a great big happy family.

Why, there's Billy Brown with the belle of the town,

And Nancy and Johnny Lee,

I see ev'ryone just having the fun.

Like a great big happy family.

Though I've been to lovely places,

Nothing is the same as seeing old friends' faces.

For I know that I never could buy

The joy that it brings to me.

To be here and know that I'm saying "Hello"

To a great big happy family.

There's Missus Black with her son Jack,

Guess you're just home from sea.

You used to be small, now you're so tall,

And the pride of your loving family.

And there's Milly Grey; she was married in May,

And I think you'll agree

That she'll be a wow in ten years from now

With a great big happy family.

There's Sergeant Smith enjoying fun and kisses,

Sorry, pal, I thought that you were with your Missus.

But what do we care, there's fun in the air,

There's laughter and gaiety.

We're happy to know that we're saying "Hello"

To a great big happy family.

photographer quits, leaving the rat to do the job. The weight of the victim completes the circuit, fires the bulb, and you have only to creep in and close the shutter.

In my case everyone was satisfied except the landlady, who hoped to be presented with the creature's scalp.

BUCK RYAN



STAMP MARKET NEWS

By J.S. Newcombe

SPECULATORS who have bought heavily during the war years, against the day when the European market is again open for trade, are beginning to entertain doubts whether their expectations are justified. Wartime conditions have brought numberless recruits to the ranks of collectors. But will they be inclined to continue their hobby when peace-time attractions, such as motor cars, television and unrestricted holidays, make big inroads into their spare cash? Already many collectors are unloading their modern issues and returning to those gilt-edged securities, the classics.

A contributor in the "Stamp Magazine" puts in a timely word for the non-commercial aspect of philately.



"I, for one, cannot understand," he says, "the type of collector who is forever looking at the catalogue prices and working out how far his stamps have

gone up on paper. I say 'on paper,' because while you are keenly interested in the prices of stamps you are proposing to buy, the catalogue prices for those you already own are of very little interest unless you are intending to sell. And if you mean to sell, catalogue prices are not an accurate guide.

"The almost automatic rise in stamp values through the years has created a false view of stamp collecting. We have come to expect a paper profit from our hobby as well as pleasure. What about the golfer, the keen theatre-goer, the man who joins an expensive club? Do they expect to have their pleasure and yet find themselves in pocket? Some of our stamp collectors are not even content to find that their hobby has—in effect—cost them nothing."

In this column I am illustrating two charity stamps issued by the French National Committee of Liberation at Algiers, one for use in Tunis and the other in Metropolitan France. The Tunis stamp is red and the French stamp blue. Note the heavy and quite unwarranted surcharge. On 10 fr. there is a tax of 400 per cent., and on the 1 fr. 50 the surcharge is 8 fr. 50.



I wonder how many patriotic Frenchmen will, or can afford to, pay hundreds per cent. above the postal charge for their mail?

No, these issues are intended for the philatelic mutts of other countries, including Britain, who will thereby make still another contribution to the French Exchequer. In philately, charity begins abroad. To commemorate the change in constitution to a republic, Iceland has issued a set of six stamps bearing the portrait of Jon Sigurdsson, famous Icelandic author and statesman (1811-1879). I reproduce here the 10 k. value, of which 50,000 were printed. The issue was recess-printed by De La Rue.

This year again the New Zealand Health stamp will bear the portraits of Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret Rose, the former wearing the uniform of a Sea Rover, and the latter that of a Girl Guide. The triangular format is not to be repeated, and both stamps are horizontal rectangular. The 2d. + 1d. is blue, and the 1d. + 1d. is green.

I mentioned some weeks ago that the designs for stamps commemorating the new Constitution of Jamaica had been put out to competition. Six have now been selected by the Committee, and they are all so poor that I would not waste space by reproducing them here. It is very disappointing.



The Jamaica Philatelic Society entered one design, and Mr. Hugh Paget, of the British Council, another. All the competitors were given a fairly detailed idea of what was needed, besides which they must surely have had some knowledge of postage stamp design and the conventions governing them.

Yet the designs are so obviously the work of amateurs, lacking singleness of conception and simplicity in execution. Some of the best designs, such as the Penny Black, are so perfect that we might suppose they called for little skill or artistry to construct.

The moral is: Just try your hand at designing a stamp, if you would appreciate the best work. How about a Victory stamp?

Good Morning

NORTHANTS Five singing sisters of Deene Church, Northants, daughters of Mrs. Hagues, of Deenthorpe: Violet, Frances, Florence, Rosemary and Gladys. People go to church to hear them. Guess who's the dairymaid.



SURREY The Lintott family at Chittingfold, Surrey, are famous as makers of shepherds' crooks. Here is one, straightening the steamed sticks. Po-peep is just round the corner — maybe!

Home Town Pictures

WORCS

Future teachers doing part of their training at Nonington College of Physical Culture. Before long they'll be teaching others how to vault and do acrobatics.



EDINBURGH And this is how we did it in the old days — and do it in the holidays at home in an Edinburgh park. of the modern trotting about the old folk.



CAMBRIDGESHIRE They have a new way of fighting crop pests. They gas the little bugs with nicotine. This girl in mask is sewing a damaged draw-sheet.



SUSSEX Books with your beer at the Cherry Tree Inn, Copthorne, because there is no library near. Albert Simmons, the proprietor, started a library at tuppence a week.